

THIS MASSACRE WASN'T AS GORY AS 'T WAS PAINTED

It Was All on a Street Car, and
Looked Like Real
Slaughter.

FIGHTERS BATHED IN —
Not Blood, as Policeman Saw
With Horror, but Very Red,
Red Paint.

As cross-town car No. 711 bore down on North Eighth street, Williamsburg, at 7 o'clock to-day, Mortimer Musselheimer clanked his bell furiously. From the open windows of the car issued a prodigious volume of sound. Loud cries of men mingled with the screams of women.

Pedestrians who looked through the windows of the car shouted in horror. Policeman Nuttbaum, standing on the corner, twirling his baton, glanced at the car quickly and noted that Musselheimer was intensely pale. A second glance at the rear platform made his knees quake, but he made one leap for a signal box and summoned help and an ambulance.

Then he signalled frantically for Musselheimer to stop. He stopped and immediately descended the car and fled up a side street, now and then turning his blanched face to look back.

Looked Like Gory Fray.

A vast crowd that collected did not press near the car, for it seemed apparent to them that a horrible battle was going on within and on the back platform four men were struggling desperately and from head to foot they were stained with crimson. Now and then Conductor Charles Rampert, who seemed dropping from head to foot, uttered a piercing scream.

The struggle on the platform was terrible and crimson fluid was spraying about most horribly. The spectacle seemed to strike Policeman Nuttbaum with paralysis, for he simply stood off a dozen feet from the car and shouted, "Stop it, you murderers! Stop it, I'll pull you!" Then suddenly, as an ambulance clattered up the street, a crimson figure shot off the platform and leaped toward Nuttbaum. In his right hand this smeared and ghastly figure clasped what appeared to be a weapon that had been used in dreadful slaughter.

"Save me!" cried the figure, throwing one arm about Nuttbaum's neck. It was just an instant's career, but it had a magical effect upon Nuttbaum. He turned heavily on the appellant for help.

"Two Was Very Red, Red Paint.

Then when the crowd saw that the combatants and passengers were smeared with red paint and not with gore a great laugh rent the air. The ambulance surgeon drove away in disgust. Policeman Nuttbaum almost fainted at the mouth in anger, relieving himself now and then by taking a crack at his two prisoners.

One of the prisoners, who looked as if he had passed through a sausage machine, was Martin Ruben, twenty-four years old, a painter, of No. 33 Attorney street, Manhattan. He was on his way to paint a house in Flatbush and carried his crimson trimmings with him in a can.

A dispute about a transfer had involved him in violent argument with Conductor Rampert. Suddenly the painter jumped up, tripped the conductor, sat on him and painted him from chin to forehead—painted him a virulent, gory red.

It was done so quickly that the passengers did not see Ruben's brush fly and jumped to the conclusion that Ruben was being slaughtered. Two heroic young men who went to Rampert's assistance were immediately smeared, and with paint in their eyes and mouth shrieked in agony.

Ruben then seemed seized with frenzy. He fought and kicked and struggled and painted until the car resembled shambles. When arraigned in the Evening Street Court he was held for further examination on a charge of assault.

METZ GOING TO FRISCO.

At the Department of Finance it was stated to-day that Comptroller Herman A. Metz would not return from Denver with the Democratic delegation from Kings County. Mr. Metz is not due in the city until the close of his vacation, July 20, and it is expected that he will go to San Francisco.

TENNIS TALK.



"You are making a noise, Maggie!" "Well, how do you suppose you're going to play tennis without raising a racket?"—Chips.

Women Lure Players to Arverne Monte Carlo, Gambling Palace Backed by New York Politicians

Handsome Gowned "Cappers" Drum Up Trade for Casino by the Sea Among Well-to-Do Patrons of Resort.

\$100,000 CLEAN-UP
IN LAST WEEK'S PLAY.

In Splendidly Appointed "Club Rooms," Female Visitors, as Well as Men, Are Induced to Try to Beat Roulette.

With a staff of handsomely dressed women "cappers" bringing in fare and roulette players, the gambling place on the second floor of the Arverne Casino, at Vernam avenue and the Boulevard, Arverne, L. I., is running full blast without interference on the part of the police. Women patrons, too, are welcome, if they are known and have the proper staid bank roll, and at night this gaming resort is thronged with men and women who are spending the summer at Arverne, Rockaway Park and Far Rockaway.

There are two roulette tables in operation every night, including Sunday, and the fare bank has a good sized play from the male contingent who patronize Arverne's "Little Monte Carlo." That the owners of this palace of chance came out \$100,000 to the good during the week which ended on July 4 is the story going the rounds in sporting circles.

By far the most novel feature of the seaside gambling house are the women "cappers" who have managed to get into the best society of Arverne and occasionally give bridge whist parties for the women of the summer colony. These little gatherings occur in the afternoon. The bridge whist had been struck Arverne, and the Casino's spacious rooms are the favorite playing place.

A Merry Widow "Capper."

Of course, there are "capper" who parties given for charity by really well-intentioned and charitable women against whom there is not a breath of suspicion. But there is the dashing widow who dresses either in plain white or plain black, and who has created no end of conversation and some say jealousy on the part of wives at the watering place. She lives at a select hotel and has a motor car awaiting her call. She is bright, witty, a charming conversationalist. She has traveled extensively, and knows the foreign capital as well as she does New York. Of Monte Carlo she speaks often, telling of the roulette tables and of the enormous sums won by men and women in the famous gaming palace there. She and her allies are responsible for the presence at the roulette tables of women players.

"The women visit the roulette games with their husbands," the "widow" remarks in her account of Monte Carlo, "and often win the cost of a new frock, hat or even a sea trip. It's just delightful to see the men rake in a big stack of winnings and give them to their wives. Of course, sometimes they lose, but that is in the game of chance."

Frank Farrell's Friend Manager.

Ike Campbell, a very close friend of Frank Farrell, owner of the American League Baseball Club, poses as the manager of the Arverne Casino's upstairs "club room." Farrell during the days when "Big Bill" Devery was Chief of Police was reputed proprietor of a string of luxuriously appointed gambling houses.

A curious coincidence is that Devery himself in Far Rockaway is near the gambling place managed by Farrell's friend Campbell. Campbell had just finished his breakfast at 4 o'clock yesterday afternoon when an Evening World reporter found him on the veranda of the Arverne Casino. He is a pleasant faced man of about forty, a "good fellow" in the Broadway and Forty-second street sense, and was ready to deny the story of gambling in toto.

"Frank Farrell is a very dear friend of mine, but he's not arrested here," said Campbell. "I am assistant manager of the cafe," he added, fanning the dust from his diamond headlight.

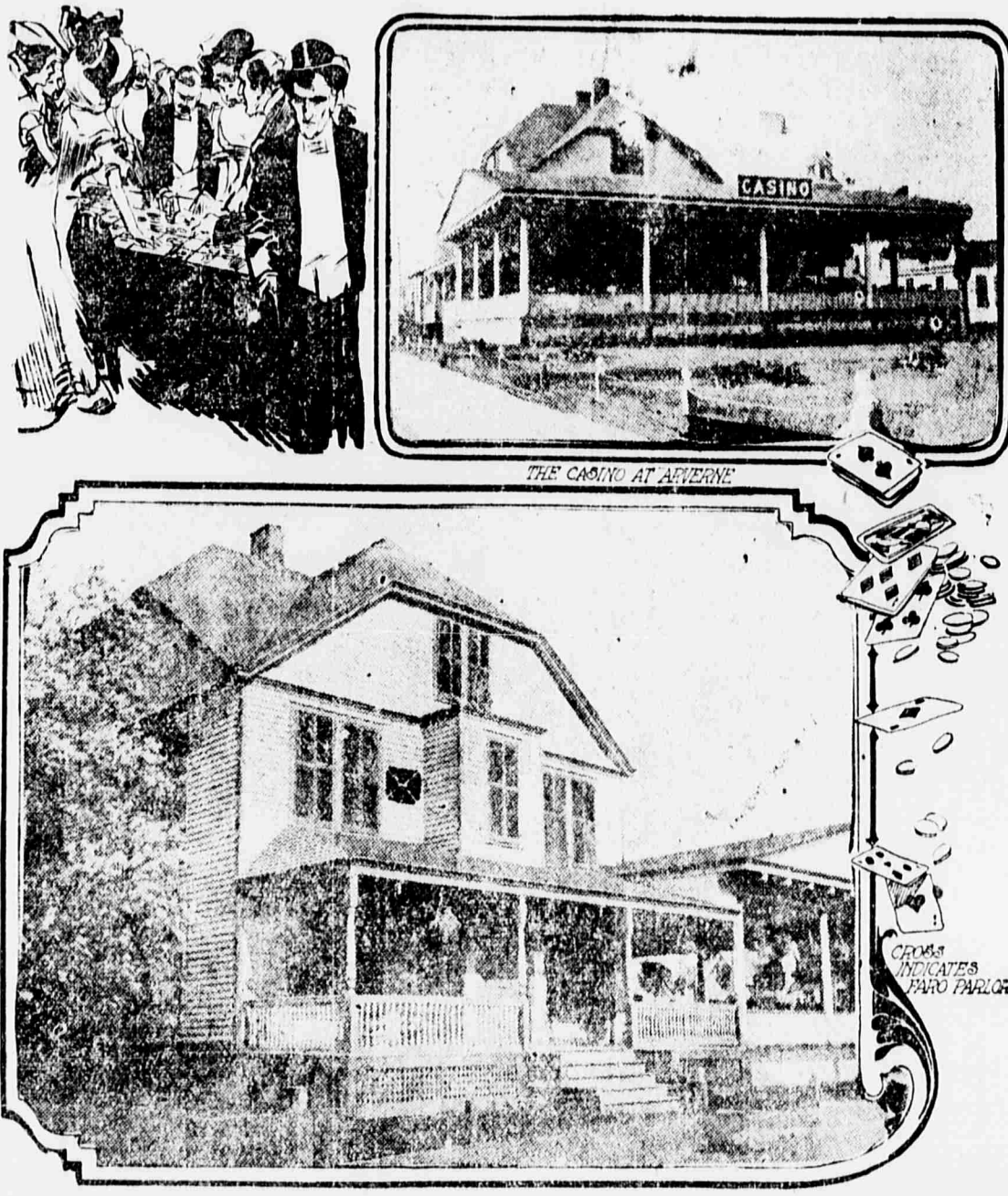
It happens that Louis W. Olms, a German with a massive pompadour, is down on the bill of fare as the manager of the Casino. He runs the restaurant, which has a big night trade. Some of his male patrons leave their wives to pass the time pleasantly chatting on the veranda while they adjourn to the gaming parlors to back the tiger or take a flyer at the wheel.

Politicians Backing the Game.

"Jimmy the Blond," a Chicago importation, is the roulette wheelerman. He knows more about roulette wheels and electrical appliances that go with certain kinds of wheels than any man in that line of business. "Abe" Prince, a Long Island City politician, spends considerable time around the door leading from the main floor to the roulette parlor. According to men who profess to know, those who share in the ownership of the Casino games are a brother of a leading Tammany Hall leader, a former Borough President, a county official of Queens, and several policemen.

The gambling rooms of the Casino are on the second floor, which is reached through an inclosed dining room and up a flight of inclosed stairs. The door to the stairway is carefully guarded and always locked, except when the lookout is admitting a "regular." The window shades are down and not a bit of light can be seen from the street.

Paintings and rich tapestries greet the eye in the roulette room. The carpets are of heavy plush velvet and the luxurious fixtures startle the ordinary man who has been in the habit of patronizing Manhattan palaces of chance. A suave and smiling colored



THE CASINO AT ARVERNE

boy is at your elbow the minute you enter. Will it be a clear or a drink? Champagne? Why, certainly.

If a woman wishes to take a flyer at roulette she is accommodated. The fair players are usually lucky, thanks, perhaps, to "Jimmy" the Blond, who wears a perpetual smile when running the game.

Caters to High-Class Players.

It takes a pretty strong recommendation to admit one to the Casino gaming parlors, and usually the morose gatekeepers are consulted before they accept your money. Once recognized, you are classed as a "regular." If the owners had aimed to make the place known to the initiated as the highest class gambling resort in the city, they could not have made more complete arrangements or fitted it out in better taste. The furnishings and paintings in the roulette room are said to be worth \$40,000.

Automobiles come pulling up in front of the Casino every few minutes during the early evening, to say nothing of motor cars from Manhattan and Brooklyn who make the drive just to play faro or watch the little ball fall into the lucky pocket. Carriages and fashionable traps, too, convey players to and from the Arverne gaming resort.

An orchestra of six pieces plays on the veranda, and the soft strains reach the gambling rooms. It is usually 1 o'clock in the morning when the veranda sounds down, but in the morning curtains are drawn and the music resumes all night long if there is play enough to keep them going.

Across the street from the Casino is Public School No. 42, of Queens Borough, and directly opposite is a new Jewish synagogue. In the immediate vicinity are the summer homes of some of New York's richest merchants, dry goods manufacturers, and professional men.

Inspector James Stacey is the police boss of the district in which the Arverne Casino is located, and Captain Henry Hagan is the present commander, with headquarters at Rockaway.

COURT REBUKES POLICE.
Says They Have No Right to Break Doors Without Warrants.

That the police have no right to break open the door of a place they suspect to be a pool-room unless armed with a warrant was called to their attention by Magistrate Wadsworth in the Jefferson Market Court to-day, when he honorably discharged the five men arrested by Detectives Filer, Conklin, Schneider, Kennedy and McCallen in a raid last night.

In discharging Stephen Mannheim, thirty-five years old, of No. 28 West Ninth street, New York, who had been arrested charged with interfering with the police in making the raid, Magistrate Wadsworth told the men concerned in making the arrests that they had no right to break open the door of a place they suspected to be a pool-room unless armed with a warrant.

Inspector James Stacey is the police boss of the district in which the Arverne Casino is located, and Captain Henry Hagan is the present commander, with headquarters at Rockaway.

Both Convinced Cooper Has Remarkable Preparation for Stomach Trouble.

Among recent endorsements of the Cooper medicine, which is at present enjoying a tremendous sale in New York, was a statement by Mrs. Adolph Gardner, of No. 202 Myrtle avenue, Brooklyn. Wednesday afternoon Mrs. Gardner called at the Riker store, Broadway and Ninth street, where Cooper and his assistants are meeting the public, and said: "No medicine I have ever taken can be compared with Cooper's New Discovery. I say this after trying everything I heard of for the past five years. During this time I have suffered constantly with catarrh of the stomach, despite doctors and medicine, and nothing helped me. "A month or so ago I began to hear of this Cooper medicine and decided to try it. At that time I seldom had the slightest appetite, and when I did not anything I never agreed with me. I would be troubled with gas in my stomach for hours after eating, and the food did not give me any strength. I tried very easily and was nervous and depressed. I suffered acutely from constipation and my entire system was out of order. "After I had taken the medicine a week I began to feel better, and I have improved since then. For the past two weeks my health has been perfect. I eat well and the food agrees with me. I am much stronger and in better spirits and feel as I did years ago. I am astonished at my rapid recovery and think this a wonderful medicine. "My husband has had stomach trouble for a minor form of years. He would have occasional attacks of indigestion and his food never agreed with him properly. He started taking the medicine a few weeks ago and agreed with me in believing it to be the best thing he has ever found. His appetite is better and he has had no indigestion whatsoever since taking the medicine. "Cooper and his assistants continue to call at the Riker store from 9 A. M. to 6 P. M. daily, but the crowds at the store became so great that some time ago the medicine was placed on sale at all the Riker stores and at drug stores generally throughout the city. Cooper stated recently that the medicine is being shipped to New York at the rate of three carloads a day to supply the demand. This is the largest sale of a proprietary medicine ever known. The Cooper laboratories are at Dayton, Ohio. S. S.

WIDENER IS SUBPOENAED.

P. A. B. Widener, the street railway magnate, met a subpoena server as he stepped from the steamer Adriatic this morning. He had been in Europe since February trying to build up his shattered health. The aged financier was still quite feeble and left the ship supported by a doctor, Joseph Widener, son of a dear son, Joseph Widener, and his grandson, H. E. Widener. The subpoena was issued by Judge La Roche, of the United States Court, in the suit brought by the receivers against the directors of the Metropolitan Securities Company. It calls for Mr. Widener's appearance in court on the first Monday in August. George D. Widener, also a grandson, took the once active railway magnate away on the yacht Josephine.

Wanted Wife to Enter Society and Boom Trade.

Doctor's Wife Says Her Refusal Started Trouble That Sent Her to Court.

Mrs. Mary D. Maynard, the wife of Dr. Frank J. Maynard, of Englewood, N. J., told Vice-Chancellor Stevenson in Jersey City to-day that it was her refusal to boom his business by going out into society and neglecting her two children that led to their troubles. Mrs. Maynard is suing the doctor for separate maintenance.

In January last, says Mrs. Maynard, the doctor ordered her from the house regardless of the fact that it was snowing hard. She went to the home of relatives, taking her children. Soon after this, said Mrs. Maynard's counsel, State Senator Wadsworth, Dr. Maynard called him up on the phone, and told him that if he was not admitted to see his children he would get into the house over his wife's dead body.

When Dr. Maynard, who is gifted with a fine professional presence, and a raven-haired Van Dyke, was called to the stand he admitted that he had urged his wife to accompany him to various dances and dinners. He thought, he said, that it was imperative for a physician's wife to do so.

"At all events, she might have accompanied me to my club," said the doctor. "That's the last place most men would want their wives," commented Mrs. Maynard's counsel.

PREFERS GALLIES TO ASYLUM.

Secretly at the Asylum Ward.

CHATEAUX-NOUVEAU, Tenn., July 9.—The case of Dr. W. W. Edwards, the notorious feudist of Breathitt County, Kentucky, who was to have been hanged here tomorrow for the murder of J. W. Davis, the railroad contractor, has been appealed to the Supreme Court, the plea being insanity. Edwards predicted against the appeal, saying he would rather be hanged than sent to an asylum for the insane to spend his life.

AUTO TRUCK BURNS.

Flames Leave Big Vehicle a Wreck in Street.

William Grams and two helpers on an electric truck owned by the United Electric Light and Power Company suddenly discovered that they were riding atop of a hot furnace to-day when the vehicle reached Deane and Essex streets. They leaped to the street as flames shot from under the hood of the wagon.

The auto was a mass of flames and smoke in an instant and Englewood, N. J., was summoned to the scene. Thousands of east sliders flocked to the corner. The fire was quickly extinguished, but the wreckage and grass the robber house in order to escape a shock of electricity. The fire was quickly extinguished, but the wreckage was left a wreck.

WIDENER IS SUBPOENAED.

P. A. B. Widener, the street railway magnate, met a subpoena server as he stepped from the steamer Adriatic this morning. He had been in Europe since February trying to build up his shattered health. The aged financier was still quite feeble and left the ship supported by a doctor, Joseph Widener, son of a dear son, Joseph Widener, and his grandson, H. E. Widener. The subpoena was issued by Judge La Roche, of the United States Court, in the suit brought by the receivers against the directors of the Metropolitan Securities Company. It calls for Mr. Widener's appearance in court on the first Monday in August. George D. Widener, also a grandson, took the once active railway magnate away on the yacht Josephine.

Wanted Wife to Enter Society and Boom Trade.

Doctor's Wife Says Her Refusal Started Trouble That Sent Her to Court.

Mrs. Mary D. Maynard, the wife of Dr. Frank J. Maynard, of Englewood, N. J., told Vice-Chancellor Stevenson in Jersey City to-day that it was her refusal to boom his business by going out into society and neglecting her two children that led to their troubles. Mrs. Maynard is suing the doctor for separate maintenance.

In January last, says Mrs. Maynard, the doctor ordered her from the house regardless of the fact that it was snowing hard. She went to the home of relatives, taking her children. Soon after this, said Mrs. Maynard's counsel, State Senator Wadsworth, Dr. Maynard called him up on the phone, and told him that if he was not admitted to see his children he would get into the house over his wife's dead body.

When Dr. Maynard, who is gifted with a fine professional presence, and a raven-haired Van Dyke, was called to the stand he admitted that he had urged his wife to accompany him to various dances and dinners. He thought, he said, that it was imperative for a physician's wife to do so.

"At all events, she might have accompanied me to my club," said the doctor. "That's the last place most men would want their wives," commented Mrs. Maynard's counsel.

PREFERS GALLIES TO ASYLUM.

Secretly at the Asylum Ward.

CHATEAUX-NOUVEAU, Tenn., July 9.—The case of Dr. W. W. Edwards, the notorious feudist of Breathitt County, Kentucky, who was to have been hanged here tomorrow for the murder of J. W. Davis, the railroad contractor, has been appealed to the Supreme Court, the plea being insanity. Edwards predicted against the appeal, saying he would rather be hanged than sent to an asylum for the insane to spend his life.

AUTO TRUCK BURNS.

Flames Leave Big Vehicle a Wreck in Street.

William Grams and two helpers on an electric truck owned by the United Electric Light and Power Company suddenly discovered that they were riding atop of a hot furnace to-day when the vehicle reached Deane and Essex streets. They leaped to the street as flames shot from under the hood of the wagon.

The auto was a mass of flames and smoke in an instant and Englewood, N. J., was summoned to the scene. Thousands of east sliders flocked to the corner. The fire was quickly extinguished, but the wreckage and grass the robber house in order to escape a shock of electricity. The fire was quickly extinguished, but the wreckage was left a wreck.

WIDENER IS SUBPOENAED.

P. A. B. Widener, the street railway magnate, met a subpoena server as he stepped from the steamer Adriatic this morning. He had been in Europe since February trying to build up his shattered health. The aged financier was still quite feeble and left the ship supported by a doctor, Joseph Widener, son of a dear son, Joseph Widener, and his grandson, H. E. Widener. The subpoena was issued by Judge La Roche, of the United States Court, in the suit brought by the receivers against the directors of the Metropolitan Securities Company. It calls for Mr. Widener's appearance in court on the first Monday in August. George D. Widener, also a grandson, took the once active railway magnate away on the yacht Josephine.

Wanted Wife to Enter Society and Boom Trade.

Doctor's Wife Says Her Refusal Started Trouble That Sent Her to Court.

Mrs. Mary D. Maynard, the wife of Dr. Frank J. Maynard, of Englewood, N. J., told Vice-Chancellor Stevenson in Jersey City to-day that it was her refusal to boom his business by going out into society and neglecting her two children that led to their troubles. Mrs. Maynard is suing the doctor for separate maintenance.

In January last, says Mrs. Maynard, the doctor ordered her from the house regardless of the fact that it was snowing hard. She went to the home of relatives, taking her children. Soon after this, said Mrs. Maynard's counsel, State Senator Wadsworth, Dr. Maynard called him up on the phone, and told him that if he was not admitted to see his children he would get into the house over his wife's dead body.

When Dr. Maynard, who is gifted with a fine professional presence, and a raven-haired Van Dyke, was called to the stand he admitted that he had urged his wife to accompany him to various dances and dinners. He thought, he said, that it was imperative for a physician's wife to do so.

"At all events, she might have accompanied me to my club," said the doctor. "That's the last place most men would want their wives," commented Mrs. Maynard's counsel.

PREFERS GALLIES TO ASYLUM.

Secretly at the Asylum Ward.

CHATEAUX-NOUVEAU, Tenn., July 9.—The case of Dr. W. W. Edwards, the notorious feudist of Breathitt County, Kentucky, who was to have been hanged here tomorrow for the murder of J. W. Davis, the railroad contractor, has been appealed to the Supreme Court, the plea being insanity. Edwards predicted against the appeal, saying he would rather be hanged than sent to an asylum for the insane to spend his life.

AUTO TRUCK BURNS.

Flames Leave Big Vehicle a Wreck in Street.

William Grams and two helpers on an electric truck owned by the United Electric Light and Power Company suddenly discovered that they were riding atop of a hot furnace to-day when the vehicle reached Deane and Essex streets. They leaped to the street as flames shot from under the hood of the wagon.

The auto was a mass of flames and smoke in an instant and Englewood, N. J., was summoned to the scene. Thousands of east sliders flocked to the corner. The fire was quickly extinguished, but the wreckage and grass the robber house in order to escape a shock of electricity. The fire was quickly extinguished, but the wreckage was left a wreck.

WIDENER IS SUBPOENAED.

P. A. B. Widener, the street railway magnate, met a subpoena server as he stepped from the steamer Adriatic this morning. He had been in Europe since February trying to build up his shattered health. The aged financier was still quite feeble and left the ship supported by a doctor, Joseph Widener, son of a dear son, Joseph Widener, and his grandson, H. E. Widener. The subpoena was issued by Judge La Roche, of the United States Court, in the suit brought by the receivers against the directors of the Metropolitan Securities Company. It calls for Mr. Widener's appearance in court on the first Monday in August. George D. Widener, also a grandson, took the once active railway magnate away on the yacht Josephine.

Wanted Wife to Enter Society and Boom Trade.

Doctor's Wife Says Her Refusal Started Trouble That Sent Her to Court.

Mrs. Mary D. Maynard, the wife of Dr. Frank J. Maynard, of Englewood, N. J., told Vice-Chancellor Stevenson in Jersey City to-day that it was her refusal to boom his business by going out into society and neglecting her two children that led to their troubles. Mrs. Maynard is suing the doctor for separate maintenance.

In January last, says Mrs. Maynard, the doctor ordered her from the house regardless of the fact that it was snowing hard. She went to the home of relatives, taking her children. Soon after this, said Mrs. Maynard's counsel, State Senator Wadsworth, Dr. Maynard called him up on the phone, and told him that if he was not admitted to see his children he would get into the house over his wife's dead body.

When Dr. Maynard, who is gifted with a fine professional presence, and a raven-haired Van Dyke, was called to the stand he admitted that he had urged his wife to accompany him to various dances and dinners. He thought, he said, that it was imperative for a physician's wife to do so.

"At all events, she might have accompanied me to my club," said the doctor. "That's the last place most men would want their wives," commented Mrs. Maynard's counsel.

PREFERS GALLIES TO ASYLUM.

Secretly at the Asylum Ward.

CHATEAUX-NOUVEAU, Tenn., July 9.—The case of Dr. W. W. Edwards, the notorious feudist of Breathitt County, Kentucky, who was to have been hanged here tomorrow for the murder of J. W. Davis, the railroad contractor, has been appealed to the Supreme Court, the plea being insanity. Edwards predicted against the appeal, saying he would rather be hanged than sent to an asylum for the insane to spend his life.

AUTO TRUCK BURNS.

Flames Leave Big Vehicle a Wreck in Street.

William Grams and two helpers on an electric truck owned by the United Electric Light and Power Company suddenly discovered that they were riding atop of a hot furnace to-day when the vehicle reached Deane and Essex streets. They leaped to the street as flames shot from under the hood of the wagon.

The auto was a mass of flames and smoke in an instant and Englewood, N. J., was summoned to the scene. Thousands of east sliders flocked to the corner. The fire was quickly extinguished, but the wreckage and grass the robber house in order to escape a shock of electricity. The fire was quickly extinguished, but the wreckage was left a wreck.

WIDENER IS SUBPOENAED.

P. A. B. Widener, the street railway magnate, met a subpoena server as he stepped from the steamer Adriatic this morning. He had been in Europe since February trying to build up his shattered health. The aged financier was still quite feeble and left the ship supported by a doctor, Joseph Widener, son of a dear son, Joseph Widener, and his grandson, H. E. Widener. The subpoena was issued by Judge La Roche, of the United States Court, in the suit brought by the receivers against the directors of the Metropolitan Securities Company. It calls for Mr. Widener's appearance in court on the first Monday in August. George D. Widener, also a grandson, took the once active railway magnate away on the yacht Josephine.

Wanted Wife to Enter Society and Boom Trade.

Doctor's Wife Says Her Refusal Started Trouble That Sent Her to Court.

Mrs. Mary D. Maynard, the wife of Dr. Frank J. Maynard, of Englewood, N. J., told Vice-Chancellor Stevenson in Jersey City to-day that it was her refusal to boom his business by going out into society and neglecting her two children that led to their troubles. Mrs. Maynard is suing the doctor for separate maintenance.

In January last, says Mrs. Maynard, the doctor ordered her from the house regardless of the fact that it was snowing hard. She went to the home of relatives, taking her children. Soon after this, said Mrs. Maynard's counsel, State Senator Wadsworth, Dr. Maynard called him up on the phone, and told him that if he was not admitted to see his children he would get into the house over his wife's dead body.

When Dr. Maynard, who is gifted with a fine professional presence, and a raven-haired Van Dyke, was called to the stand he admitted that he had urged his wife to accompany him to various dances and dinners. He thought, he said, that it was imperative for a physician's wife to do so.

"At all events, she might have accompanied me to my club," said the doctor. "That's the last place most men would want their wives," commented Mrs. Maynard's counsel.

PREFERS GALLIES TO ASYLUM.

Secretly at the Asylum Ward.

CHATEAUX-NOUVEAU, Tenn., July 9.—The case of Dr. W. W. Edwards, the notorious feudist of Breathitt County, Kentucky, who was to have been hanged here tomorrow for the murder of J. W. Davis, the railroad contractor, has been appealed to the Supreme Court, the plea being insanity. Edwards predicted against the appeal, saying he would rather be hanged than sent to an asylum for the insane to spend his life.

AUTO TRUCK BURNS.

Flames Leave Big Vehicle a Wreck in Street.

William Grams and two helpers on an electric truck owned by the United Electric Light and Power Company suddenly discovered that they were riding atop of a hot furnace to-day when the vehicle reached Deane and Essex streets. They leaped to the street as flames shot from under the hood of the wagon.

The auto was a mass of flames and smoke in an instant and Englewood, N. J., was summoned to the scene. Thousands of east sliders flocked to the corner. The fire was quickly extinguished, but the wreckage and grass the robber house in order to escape a shock of electricity. The fire was quickly extinguished, but the wreckage was left a wreck.

WIDENER IS SUBPOENAED.

P. A. B. Widener, the street railway magnate, met a subpoena server as he stepped from the steamer Adriatic this morning. He had been in Europe since February trying to build up his shattered health. The aged financier was still quite feeble and left the ship supported by a doctor, Joseph Widener, son of a dear son, Joseph Widener, and his grandson, H. E. Widener. The subpoena was issued by Judge La Roche, of the United States Court, in the suit brought by the receivers against the directors of the Metropolitan Securities Company. It calls for Mr. Widener's appearance in court on the first Monday in August. George D. Widener, also a grandson, took the once active railway magnate away on the yacht Josephine.

Wanted Wife to Enter Society and Boom Trade.

Doctor's Wife Says Her Refusal Started Trouble That Sent Her to Court.

Mrs. Mary D. Maynard, the wife of Dr. Frank J. Maynard, of Englewood, N. J., told Vice-Chancellor Stevenson in Jersey City to-day that it was her refusal to boom his business by going out into society and neglecting her two children that led to their troubles. Mrs. Maynard is suing the doctor for separate maintenance.

In January last, says Mrs. Maynard, the doctor ordered her from the house regardless of the fact that it was snowing hard. She went to the home of relatives, taking her children. Soon after this, said Mrs. Maynard's counsel, State Senator Wadsworth, Dr. Maynard called him up on the phone, and told him that if he was not admitted to see his children he would get into the house over his wife's dead body.

When Dr. Maynard, who is gifted with a fine professional presence, and a raven-haired Van Dyke, was called to the stand he admitted that he had urged his wife to accompany him to various dances and dinners. He thought, he said,